

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

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SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
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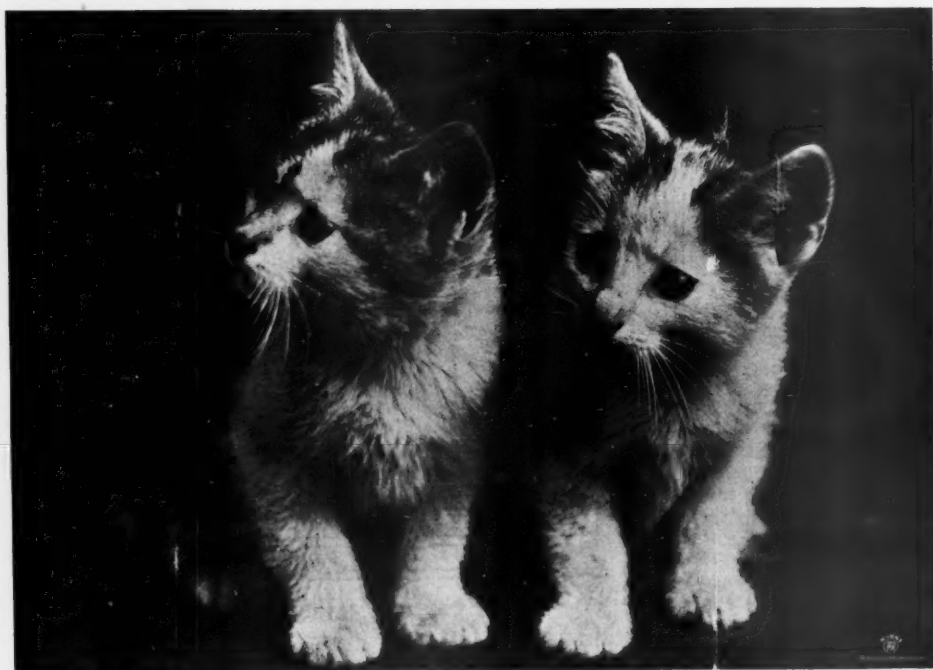
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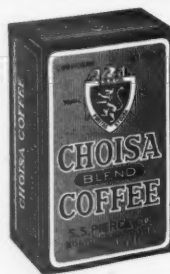
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Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

— COWPER



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No. 3

UNTIL an attack is made upon our shores, or we begin to see our soldiers returning wounded from the front, it will be difficult for many people fully to realize that this country is at war.

It is reported that the U. S. Government is arranging for the purchase of from 250,000 to 500,000 horses for the war. For many purposes, alas, nothing yet has been found that can take the place of the horse.

THE American Humane Education Society has just been able to send to Russia, through the activity of a friend, more than 10,000 leaflets. They go to a distinguished countess who will look after their careful distribution.

THE day has passed, it seems to us, when, however much we may long and pray for peace we can do anything else than stand loyally and avowedly with our country in the gigantic struggle upon which it has entered. It can now only be peace after conflict.

GOD moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." We do not doubt for a moment that His sovereignty and His goodness will bring out of this darkest night of the world's experience a gain to match the loss. Either this or we must confess there is no God.

READ "Ambulance No. 10" if you want a most vivid picture of what this war is in its hitherto inconceivable atrocities. The heroic author of this little book says: "My only object in writing so fully is that I do want you all to realize the futility, the utter damnable wickedness and butchery of this war."

A FOREIGN exchange says that when Sir Charles Napier was military resident of Cephalonia he built a road more than 100 miles long over the Black Mountains, and in one of his letters wrote, "Many a poor mule's soul will say a good word for me at the last day when they remember the old road." In "that day" the gratitude even of mules probably few of us will feel like despising.

THE *Boston Herald* wisely urges us all to join the Cheerful Legion. The times need such an order with millions of members. It was Montaigne who said that one of the clearest evidences of wisdom was a constant cheerfulness.

A REPORT from Lakewood, Ohio, says cats are being registered there, and that after July 2 all must wear a collar and a bell, and the owner must pay a license of fifty cents. Whether this is a State or local regulation we have not learned.

HAD the United States gone into this war to gain a single foot of territory, or to add to its glory or its power, this magazine, to be true to its record, could only have denounced such a step. We cannot think of this war, so far as we are concerned, as other than one in self-defense and on behalf of human liberty.

THE Attorney-General of New Jersey has decided that the law permitting the practice of vivisection applies only to institutions for scientific research and not to schools and colleges. Rutgers College students, therefore, have been saved by this wise attorney-general from the influence of such experimentations in the college class room.

NOW that the obnoxious Wicks Bill, aimed at the destruction of one of man's best friends—the dog—has become law in New York State, watch the rapid growth(?) of the sheep-raising industry in that commonwealth. We are willing to venture the statement that it will have about as much effect in increasing the raising of sheep as shooting down airplanes would have on stopping the destruction done by submarines. Some dogs kill sheep, but dogs never killed sheep-raising in New York or any other State.

HORSES' VACATIONS

NOW that we have our own Rest Farm for Horses we shall more than ever appreciate those gifts that make it possible for us to give the poor man's horse a needed rest. Our pastures are of the very best, comfortable shelter sheds, abundance of shade and plenty of fresh water in each pasture. Three dollars and a half means seven days of luxury to the tired toiler on the city's pavements.

THE MOTHER'S SORROW

A MOTHER, brave, heroic, deeply interested in humane work, for years writing, speaking on behalf of peace and against war, writes us; "What am I to do? I have an only son, twenty-one years old. How can I let him go to this most inhuman war in a foreign land? He, too, has been trained to hate war as only a return to savagery and barbarism."

Something of this mother's feelings we can appreciate. What could we say? It was something like this: The bitterness in your heart against the waste and ruin of war we understand. To you and us this present war seems to be the crime of history. The utter futility of it, the needlessness of it,—these set over against the unspeakable bloodshed, pain, sorrow, loss that it has caused, make the horror of it all the greater. At first thought it did not seem our war. To give our sons to be destroyed by it appeared like making a supreme sacrifice not in the interests of our country but of those who had no real claim upon our bravest and best. Had a hostile army landed on our shores, had our homes been devastated by shell and flame, our liberties plainly imperilled, we should all have felt the high call of duty, and though our hearts sank within us we should have sent our sons forth to die feeling it was in defense of the highest things for which men could give their lives.

But is it not true that our homes, our institutions, our noblest ideals are threatened? An ocean lies between us and the battlefields where the struggle is going on, but is it any less true for all that that it is our conflict, and that the cause of human liberty and free institutions crushed across the ocean, we must very soon face the same foe and win or lose the battle? If the fire is sweeping down the street and I can stay it by saving my neighbor's house am I not as truly protecting my own as though I had waited till its hot breath beat against my dwelling? It is then to the defense of all we hold highest that our boys are summoned. Hard as it will be for those of us who are fathers and mothers who have read of the inexpressible cruelties of this awful war to see them go—still, some day these sons must bid farewell to life, and to have died to save, not only one's country, but the world to freedom and truth and justice, is to have entered into fellowship with Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many.

THE HELPFUL BEE

BY LOUELLA C. POOLE

HOW doth the busy bee, dear friends,
Delight to serve all useful ends:
While gathering honey from the flowers,
Throughout the golden summer hours,
It bears away, beneath its wings,
The pollen of sweet blossomings
Of all the lovely things that grow —
The useful plants and those that glow
With fragrant richness to delight
Our senses with their beauty bright.
Then zigzagging upon its way
Over the garden, field, and road
It scatters far its precious load,
And thus doth sow much fruitful seed.
Now tell me, is not this, I pray,
A truly philanthropic deed?

O busy, droning honey-bee,
O golden-bellied bumble-bee,
Our grateful thanks to you we owe
For making all our gardens grow!

A POUND OF HONEY

WHEN you eat a spoonful of honey, you have very little idea as to the amount of work and travel necessary to produce it. To make a pound of clover honey, bees must take the nectar from sixty-two thousand clover blossoms; and to do this requires two million seven hundred and fifty thousand visits to the blossoms by the bees.

In other words, in order to collect enough nectar to make one pound of honey, a bee must go from hive to flower and back again two million seven hundred and fifty thousand times. Then, when you think how far these bees sometimes fly in search of these clover fields, often one or two miles distant from the hive, you will begin to get a small idea of the number of miles one of the industrious little creatures must travel in order that you may have a pound of honey.

— Presbyterian

AN ABIDING INFLUENCE

AS an eloquent example of the lasting influence of a juvenile organization, such as the Band of Mercy, we print below a letter just received from a gentleman in New York City: —

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

I have always had a kindly feeling toward your paper since the days of my early schooling. Among the various teachers I had was one who organized a society of us children, with kindness to animals as its special object. The society broke up years ago and some of my old school friends have gone where I can never speak or write to them any more, but the meetings of our dumb animal society still remain one of the treasured memories of my childhood.

We had our own constitution and used to meet regularly once every week. There would be interesting facts told about the animals by all of us children and I learned many interesting things in this way. During the week it was the custom for each pupil to notice as many interesting facts as he could about animals and when an interesting insect or worm was discovered the finder would usually bring it to school to show everybody else. I shall never forget what an indignant meeting our society held one week because a few days before a horse had been overworked and had fallen dead drawing ice. Still, these are all memories of the past.

I hope you may enjoy reading the two contributions I am submitting with as much pleasure as I enjoyed *Our Dumb Animals* long ago.

The Four-Legged Hired Man

By LOUISE H. GUYOL

IN the spring the world went garden-mad. We have not yet recovered, nor do we wish to.

Wearily we regard the little green results of our labor of the past few weeks.

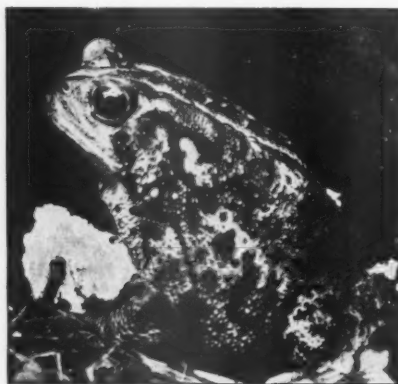
"Soon we'll reap the harvest!" sing we, in joyful chorus that echoes from every quarter of our country.

"Soon we'll reap the harvest!" sings another chorus, though we hear it not. It comes from the throats of a million tiny fellows in whose voice is no note of weariness. They've toiled not, neither will they spin. But reap our harvest they will, long before we even think it ripe.

Prudent forbears have seen to this.

Way back last spring, or perhaps as long ago as the fall of 1916, wise, wee wives, intent on maternal duties waited not for rumor of war nor threat of famine ere preparing for the feeding of their offspring.

"Ours not to reason why. Ours but to lay or die," sang the six million and more progenitors of worm and weevil, bug and beetle, —



"BUFO," THE HIRED MAN

May and click and snout variety. So, they laid their eggs in heart of fruit and bud of blossom, beneath bark of trees or in other strategic positions.

From that charge of the first six million have come progeny of sixty times six million.

Our plants are swarming with them and our hearts grow weary, weary.

Man cannot fight that fight alone.

Who will help him?

"The birds!" sing a chorus of knowing ones.

Yes, the birds and one other.

One not so beautiful of breast and back and shimmering wing. One whose song, last spring, was not a succession of high, gay notes rained down from green tree-tops, but a sweet and soothing sort of melody that came to us, through evening silences, from still, deep ponds and slowly-running streams.

'Twas the love-song of Bufo.

Bufo Lentiginosus americanus.

For short, — The Toad.

Bufo was busy at his mating, as he sang down there by the water's edge. For that had he left the shelter of your garden where, throughout the winter he had slumbered, hidden beneath some rock, or board or soft blanket of old leaves.

When Bufo's song was finished and the mating done, there were myriad strings of tiny

eggs, stretched like necklaces along the surface of the water, precious jewels wrapped in protecting jelly-blankets.

Then Bufo came back to his home-town.

Sometimes 'tis a long trip he makes, a mile or more if there is no pond nearer to the garden which he has chosen for his home.

Now Bufo's children and his grandchildren have started out on long trips, too. Your garden should be filled with them, spry youngsters, scarce bigger than your thumb's end, playing leap-frog in the grass upon your lawn.

They do more than play.

Already they are at their work.

Cut-worms they eat and snails; caterpillars and injurious moths, weevils and sow-bugs; potato-bugs and thousand-legged worms, — all are taken alive (for Bufo touches not a lifeless thing), into the toad's small but most elastic stomach.

Day and night Bufo is our busiest and our best of friends.

Encourage him to live in your garden, watch him at his work, scorning to waste time on dead, and therefore harmless, insects; climbing part way up the stalks of plants to catch, on the end of that lightning-like tongue, a particularly desirable bite in the way of a particularly injurious bug; sitting on your front steps at night, or anywhere where there is artificial light, catching browntail and gypsy moths as they flutter downward.

When you have watched him work awhile, no longer need this interesting little fellow remain so maligned in history; and when your garden is sanctuary for him, no longer will so much of your toil be given to those myriad lesser people who reap so rapidly where you have sown so wearily.

ANGLER, SPARE THAT FROG

NOW is the psychological moment for all the true believers in artificial lures to come forward and add their voices to those which have been recently raised in an effort to wean anglers away from using live bait, writes Charles Bradford in the *New York Sun*.

Comparatively little skill is required to catch fish where a merciless hook is passed through the living body of a minnow or a needle-pointed barb is driven through the head and delicate tongue of a breathing, comic-looking, eye-pleasing, merry little frog.

Let the frogs live their useful lives unmolested; they are silent partners in the economy of nature, therefore pause a moment, brother angler, and think twice before you sink your cruel hook into that little frog.

He is one of the busiest little friends of the farmer. He lives entirely on insect life, not on one variety, but gobbles every kind he can capture, and he doesn't ask anything in return for what he does except to be left alone to sit and blink and day dream and run his tongue out and scoop in some crop destroying bug or fly.

Now that the insectivorous birds are scarce and becoming scarcer, we shall have to depend on the frog more than ever — so spare him for the good deeds he performs for us indirectly.

Street fountains for both large and small animals are the most humane, practical memorials that can be erected in honor of man or beast.

THE DICKCISSEL

BY CARROLL CAMDEN

WITH yellow breast and throat of black —
Brown epaulettes upon his wings —
With coat of gray upon his back,
This guardian of the meadow sings
"Chip, chip, chee, chee! Dickcissel!"

When sunny May, with lavish hand,
Strews field and mead with blossoms rare,
While feathered hosts from Sunshine Land
Wing northward, through the perfum'd air,
He comes, with call, "Dickcissel!"

When Summer sun, with scorching heat,
Has hushed all other songsters, gay,
His cheerful call he'll oft repeat,
At set of sun and dawn of day,
"Chip, chip, chee, chee! Dickcissel!"

From wither'd branch, his watch he keeps,
O'er widen'd view of field and dell,
While Nature, droused with sunshine, sleeps;
Like call of sentinel, "All's well!"
He cries, "Dick — Dick — Dickcissel!"

All summer through, he stays on guard,
Nor leaves until the frost gleams white
On stubbled hill and stretch of sward,
'Neath rays of early morning light,
Then hushed is his "Dickcissel!"

When he, to sunny Southland, flies,
The lonely fields, through winter, long,
Await the hour, 'neath Maytime skies,
When they shall hear, again, the song,
"Chip, chip, chee, chee! Dickcissel!"

AN EXPERT WEAVER

BY WALTER K. PUTNEY

ONE of the most beautiful and sweet voiced birds that visit us is the orchard oriole. It is said that this bird has only the good attributes of life and that all its habits are above reproach.

We may listen to the song or we may watch the restless, hurried father bird in his constant hunt for choice insect tid-bits for his family; but if you wish the most interesting study just go to the nest. This is one of the best pieces of architecture that we can find among bird homes.

It is said that one old lady looked at an orchard oriole's nest very carefully and then remarked emphatically, "Well! I think that such birds ought to be taught to darn stockings!"

You may smile at such a remark, but as a matter of fact the orchard oriole is one of the most skilful weavers possible. Dr. Dawson says that a pair of these birds interweave grass blades and rootlets with the skill of a lace maker, so that it is no wonder that the old lady thought it might be possible to teach them to darn stockings. At first glance the nest does not show durability, for frequently the walls are so thin that you may see the eggs through them. It is so firmly woven, however, that it lasts a long time.

The nest is pouched-shaped, about three inches wide and four inches deep, and is made fast by the brim to the spreading forks of the limb. Sometimes it is built between two or three upright forks, in which case it is tightly lashed to the ascending branches for its entire length. The nesting site is usually the apple-tree. For this reason the bird gets its name of orchard oriole.

Remember that WATER is the first great need of animals, especially in hot weather.

Summer Boarders

By C. A. DAVID

IT used to be a common sight to see set up in gardens a tall pole with a fancy little red house, usually of three stories, on the top. These poles were almost as much a part of the

go to housekeeping in a swinging gourd as in a three-storied mansion with a chimney at each end.

The Indians, too, loved this social little summer visitor, and often hung a hollowed-out gourd from their tent pole for his accommodation. They called him "the bird that never rested," rather a misnomer, by the way, as the martin of our memory often rested, sometimes on the tips of dead branches, and oftener still, on his own front verandas.

The martin, the purple martin, the books call him, was two or three inches shorter than the robin, feet small, wings long and scythe-like, with plumage of a rich, glossy black, changing in the sunshine to gorgeous purple. They were the life of the gardens, nearly always on the wing, and never going very far from home. A pair of these little fellows would play for hours at a time, sailing round and round in the air, in the most graceful fashion. Cheerfulness itself, their presence added just that touch of life and motion to the staid old garden that it seemed to need. They could hardly be classed with singing birds, but their notes, uttered while on the wing, were like clear, rippling laughter, beginning on a high key and dying away in a tremulous little quaver.

They were popular, not alone on account of their happy, cheerful ways, but they were looked upon as a well-drilled company of aerial sentinels, always on the lookout for marauding hawks. They were as fearless as the kingbird in attacking and driving away any big, hawk-appearing bird. Woe to the lazy old buzzard, that black aeroplane of the South, who happened to cast his shadow across the garden where hollyhocks and sweet pinks grew. As soon as the invader was sighted, every martin in the colony, except those ladies who were detained at home by eggs that can't be allowed to cool, formed into a warlike squadron and charged that hapless buzzard. Round and



Photo from Nat'l Audubon Societies

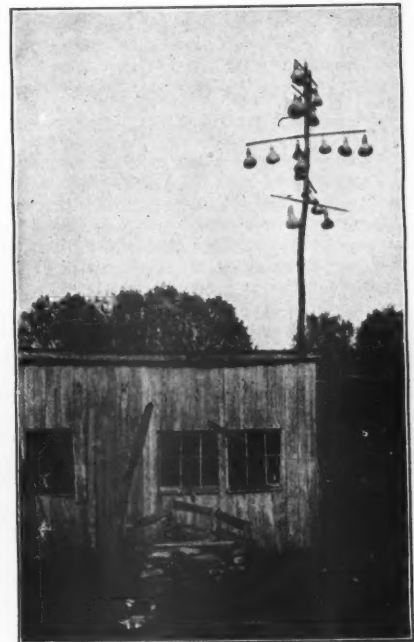
WELL-BUILT MARTIN HOME

old-fashioned garden, as were the altheas, hollyhocks, phlox and sweet-william that ran riot over the painfully prim, brick bordered beds. A climbing rose, or perchance a morning-glory, clambered up towards the little Swiss cottage above.

These martin boxes, for such they were, were no makeshift affairs. The majority of them were carefully and substantially constructed by the same carpenters who built the smoke-house or the barn. Little verandas or platforms ran around, under each tier of doors, and neat, outside chimneys gave a homelike air to the whole. Often, these miniature houses were painted red and striped off with white lines to give the appearance of a building of brick.

These martin homes were so common that they were scarcely noticed. They seemed just a part, and a very essential part, too, of the old-time Southern garden. They were there just as a matter of course. A man built a stable for his horses, and barns for cattle and sheep, so, of course, a house must be provided for the martins when they came. That's about the way he viewed the matter. It had come to be the proper thing to do, so he just went along and did it without giving it a second thought.

A Negro cabin, in those days, was considered by its dusky occupants, as "no fitten place to live in," unless flanked by one or more bare poles, with half a dozen long-necked gourds dangling from the top, each gourd with a round hole cut in the side. The easily-pleased martins, in their democratic way, seemed just as glad to



THE SWINGING GOURDS

round, now on his back, now pecking at his head, these gallant little fighters soon had him on the run. No matter how slowly and majestically he had come, soaring on motionless pinions, now, with all his dignity gone, and with wildly beating wings, he is doing his level best to escape.

Crows and hawks were treated in the same way, and they soon learned that it was a wise plan to give all martin settlements a wide berth. In this way, they were a very great protection to the fowl-yard folks. Many a chick of those days owed the life that led at last to frying-pan, to the wide-awake sentinels on the little red watch-tower in the garden.

They were always glad and willing to render this service in part payment for their house rent. Their food was wasps, mud-daubers, yellow jackets, and vast numbers of injurious garden insects.

By late August, or early September, the martin children were full feathered, and as plump and active as their parents. Soon, it didn't take a bird specialist to tell that something unusual was going on in the bird colony. Little excited groups would gather on the roof of their house, or on the dead limb of a tree, and chatter and jabber at the greatest rate. Nobody seemed to be listening, but everybody talking at once, and, to human ears, it sounded as if each small speaker was making the same small speech. Leaving their resting-place, in a body, they would circle and wheel, circle and wheel, only to return to their perch and their wrangling. Again, taking wing, they would go, this time in ever widening circles, almost disappearing in the distance, then wheeling, like a regiment on parade, come trooping back. They were making ready for their annual jaunt to South America, so no wonder they were excited.

It's true, they had no suit cases to pack, no trunk straps to hunt, no tickets to buy, but still they seemed to have much to attend to, and were as nervous as any set of school girls embarking for Europe. Each day, the gatherings were bigger and the discussions more heated. Things were coming to a head. One morning the red house on the pole was empty. The martins had silently departed in the night, with never a good-bye twitter. Gone! and left every door in the house standing wide open!

WORKING-HOURS OF BIRDS

OUR hours are nothing to the birds. Why, some birds work in the summer sixteen hours a day. Indefatigably they clear the crops of insects. The thrush gets up at half-past two every summer morning. He falls to work at once, and he never stops until half-past nine at night—a clean nineteen hours. During that time he feeds his voracious young 206 times. The blackbird starts to work at the same hour as the thrush, but he lays off earlier. His whistle blows at half-past seven, and during his seventeen-hour day he sets about one hundred meals before his kiddies. The titmouse is up and about at three in the morning, and his stopping-time is nine at night. A fast worker, the titmouse is said to feed his young 417 meals—meals of caterpillar mainly—in the long, hard, hot day.

—Onward

A PROFANE coachman, pointing to one of his horses, said to a traveler,

"That horse, sir, knows when I swear at him."

"Yes," replied the traveler, "and so does his Maker."



YOUNG WHITE PELICANS ON HAT ISLAND, GREAT SALT LAKE

A STUDY OF PELICANS

BY LOU E. COLE

THE white pelican is a native of America and one of our largest birds. It ranges the whole length of North America and breeds and rears its young from as far north as Alaska to Southern California. However, Utah has been chosen as a favorite gathering place, so to speak. The full-grown bird is from forty-five to seventy inches long, weighs from fourteen to eighteen pounds, and has a wing expansion of eight to ten feet.

An enormous bill, much larger than the head, is one of the bird's peculiar characteristics. On top of the upper mandible, about mid-way, grows an upright horn two or three inches in length. To the lower mandible is hung a large elastic skin pouch which is used as landing-net and carrying receptacle; both very essential, as we shall see.

This picture was taken on Hat Island, in Great Salt Lake, many miles from fresh water or life of any sort, except these birds and their kind, for nothing can live in the waters of the lake. They are young birds unable to fly. They remind us of a flock of awkward young lambs wabbling about on uncertain legs.

As no food grows on the island, the parent birds must carry the supply. Hence they go to the mouth of fresh-water streams, fifteen to thirty miles away, the Weber or Bear rivers; here they fish and feed, then fill the big fish-net and spread their wide wings for home, where they dump the catch to fill the hungry young stomachs. From the great piles of fish found on these islands it would prove that the pelicans are no mean fishermen; untiring in their efforts, successful in their business ventures. The young are early in harmony with the fishing industry, attending to "bills receivable," while the parents consider ways and means for "bills payable." They furnish us with one of the wonder-studies of bird-life.

YOU have read my new story?

"Yes."

"What do you think of it?"

"To be perfectly candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart."

HORSE-SENSE

AMONGST all of our domestic animals, the horse is one of the most intelligent and sensible," writes M. H. Norton in an article on "Horse-Sense" in the *Pythian Pilgrim*.

"Some people do not believe that animals possess reasoning powers. I do, and therefore I must believe that horse-sense in a horse is not wholly instinct, but partially, at least, the result of reason.

"When I was a boy I delighted to ride horseback and used to drive the cows home from pasture, mounted upon the old family horse—there were no Texas steers in that outfit. One day I put on the saddle, and not being strong enough to properly tighten the cinch strap it became loosened, with the result that while cantering along the road the saddle suddenly swung directly beneath the horse, carrying me with it, with both feet tangled in the stirrups, directly against his hoofs. I made no outcry—was too scared—but that horse stopped instantly, looked around at me, and stood patiently until I had extricated myself from the perilous position in which I was placed. Had he moved one step my head would have been crushed. That was an exhibition of horse-sense prompted, I believe, by reason and not instinct, for instinct would have prompted him to run to escape disaster."

TOO ONE-SIDED

AMAN I know who joined a cavalry regiment told me that on his first leave home his little daughter was keenly interested in his spurs. "What are they for, dad?" she asked. "Oh, to punish the horse when he's naughty," said the father. The small girl pondered for a moment, and then asked, "But doesn't the horse have anything to punish you with, dad?"

NO WHIPS ALLOWED

AN interested correspondent writes: "Here's a little fact that will interest your readers: No Wanamaker driver is allowed to carry a whip. Think of the big busy merchant handling millions of dollars every year, who has time to think about a detail like that!"

THE LITTLE GRAY MULE

NO one asked what he thought of war,
How his conscience stood, or anything more,
But they took him to France, to stand his chance,
It's all right—only a mule.

He pulled his load to the top of the hill,
A shot rang out, and he lay quite still,
"Anyone hit?" "No, we're quite fit,"
It's all right—only a mule.

There is a field where the grass is long,
And God at the gate to right the wrong,
You can hear Him say, if you pass that way,
"He's all right—little gray mule."

A. P. in *The Saturday Westminster Gazette*

FRIEND OF THE FIRE HORSES

FOR twenty-seven years, Martin Cooney has been superintendent of horses for the fire department of Detroit, Michigan, says the *News* of that city. He has bought every horse used by the department in that time; he has tended them through sickness and has been obliged to end the agonies of many of them. So great has been his love for horses that he has never taken a furlough, or even kept his Sundays for himself. Night and day he has watched over the horses.

In winter, when the horses, steaming from their swift run to the fires, have stood and shivered as the blaze was fought, it was Martin Cooney who hurried to the scene, and saw that they were blanketed. Back in their barns, it was Martin Cooney who saw that they were rubbed down and made warm and comfortable. When their feet were sore it was Martin Cooney who dressed them, and when the strenuous life of a fire department horse made them unfit for further service, Martin Cooney saw to it that they were sold to farmers and not to city drivers who might abuse them.

But the endless toil of days and nights has taken toll of Mr. Cooney, and recently he retired from active service. And because he has been a friend to horses he is glad that automobiles are replacing them for fire service in down-town Detroit.

"Pounding over hard, slippery down-town streets shortened the lives of the horses," Mr. Cooney explained. "When we used them all over the city, the average life of a horse in the department was four or five years; now that they are confined to the environs their average is five or six years. Of course some last much longer. There was one that lasted thirteen years, and is now comfortable on a farm near Detroit.

"When I joined the fire department we had about 130 horses. At one time we had 284 horses; that was the high-water mark. Now we have about 150, more than we had twenty-seven years ago, despite the great number of fire trucks. That is because Detroit's outlying districts are more populous now than the entire city was then.

"The horses knew me when I came into any of the stations. They would whinny and crane their necks. I broke them in and they never forgot me.

"The thing which makes me happiest is that all old horses are sent to farms, where there are no hard roads to irritate their weakened feet. A horse is too intelligent and too good a friend to be abused after its full period of usefulness is passed."

WILLIE: "Pa, when has a man horse-sense?"
Pa: "When he can say 'Nay,' my son."



A KIND JUNKMAN IN PORTLAND, MAINE

THIS picture was sent to us by Mrs. S. A. Stevens of Portland, president of the Maine State Humane Education Society, who writes:

"The photo is that of one of our Russian junk-dealers, whose one horse supports wife and

six children. He and his wife came over from Russia about seven years ago. He threw his coat over his horse's back one day in a rainfall while standing at our veterinary's, saying, 'I would rather get wet than let my horse.' His name is Roussakovski."

A WOMAN'S WORK FOR HORSES

ONE woman's work in extending relief to work-horses in a busy section of Brooklyn during last summer, and resumed the present season, has attracted no little attention and at once suggests the possibility of timely humane work in other places.

Mrs. Annie G. Allis opened a watering station for horses in the summer of 1916 on Flatbush Avenue and diligently supervised the use and distribution of the water daily that no waste or confusion might occur. So successful was her undertaking, so well patronized her relief station that the work is repeated this year and the Commissioner of Water Supply has established a permanent watering place over which Mrs. Allis has taken full charge.

But humane work with Mrs. Allis does not stop at this point. She now hopes to raise sufficient funds among the people of the borough interested in humane work among work-horses to extend her present activities. A Work-horse Relief League is to be formed to carry on the work and George Foster Howell of 187 Windsor Place, one of the best friends the work-horse ever had, is to act as treasurer of the league.

Not only will Mrs. Allis provide watering facilities for the horses, but if the funds are sufficient she will provide the horses of the poorer truckmen with open bridles, which increase the animals' comfort in the hot weather, and also will provide watering pails, as she finds that many drivers allow their horses to go thirsty because they have no means of watering them. She has received several contributions from large business concerns who appreciate the good work for horses that she is carrying on.

A modest drinking fountain for animals, though not so beautiful as a costly one, will answer the same purpose. The horse wants water, not grandeur.

PRACTICAL "HORSE TALK"

COPIES of the following suggestions about the care of horses in hot weather were sent to the principal daily newspapers in Massachusetts. We invite the press everywhere to republish them, as offered by the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, Boston:

THE HORSE TO HIS DRIVER IN SUMMER

If a horse could talk he would have many things to say to his driver in summer. He would say:—

"Water me often when the heat is intense, a little at a time if I am warm; don't water me too soon after I have eaten, and always at night when I have eaten my hay.

"When the sun is hot let me breathe once in a while in the shade of some house or tree. Anything upon my head, to keep off the sun, is bad for me unless it is kept wet, or unless the air can circulate freely underneath it.

"If I stop sweating suddenly, or if I act strangely, breathe short and quick, or if my ears droop, get me into the shade at once, remove harness and bridle, wash out my mouth, sponge me all over, shower my legs, and give me two ounces of aromatic spirits of ammonia, or two ounces of sweet spirits of nitre in a pint of water, or a pint of warm coffee. Cool my head at once, using cold water or if necessary chopped ice wrapped in a cloth.

"A warm night in a narrow stall neither properly cleaned nor bedded unfits me for work.

"Turning the hose on me is too risky a thing to do unless you are looking for a sick horse. Spraying the legs and feet when I am not too warm on a hot day would be agreeable.

"Please sponge out my eyes and nose and dock when I come in tired and dusty at night with clean cool water, and also sponge me under the collar and saddle of the harness."

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

August, 1917

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter.

HORSE MEAT

EXCEPT for the regard most people have for the horse, there is really no reason why his flesh should not be utilized, by those who eat meat, for human food, any more than the flesh of other animals. Indeed the provisions of the Sanitary Code of New York City now legalize its sale for that purpose. It must never be forgotten, however, that the value of a healthy horse is so great that, unless he is killed because of some accident which has rendered him useless, he would practically never be destroyed for food. The vast majority of the horses whose flesh is, or would be put on sale, would be old and worn out and diseased animals. In New York a man dealing in horseflesh was discovered leading a glandered horse to a slaughtering establishment. We doubt if many Americans will ever become eaters of horseflesh, first, because the idea is so foreign a one to them, and, second, because they know that few such animals in good health would ever be sacrificed for food. On the other hand multitudes are learning that the less meat they eat the better they feel, and for conscientious reasons an increasing number are becoming vegetarians.

"THE OFFICIAL AND THE SPARROW"

UNDER this heading the *Christian Science Monitor* has a most excellent editorial condemning the attempt to enlist the services of children in the destruction of sparrows. It points out the demoralizing influence of such action on the character of the child, rightly saying that you cannot teach children to kill sparrows indiscriminately without teaching them to be cruel. The editorial not only warns against the danger to other birds resembling the sparrow, but says that it has never been proved that the sparrow does not preserve more grain than he destroys.

The closing paragraph is as follows:—

Deep down, however, in its conscience every country knows that it is never well to teach cruelty to little children. There is a sufficient streak of the old Adam in every human nature to make that quality an undesirable one to cultivate; and neither the Board of Agriculture nor the Board of Trade, in London, can plead the delightful excuse of the country woman, in Punch, to the vicar's daughter, for having apprenticed her boy to the local butcher, "Ye see, mum, it's very fortunate for 'im, being so fond of dumb animals, as he is."

THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY

The war of the past three years has stirred, as never before, the evil passions of men. It has bred prejudices and kindled animosities that only a new preaching of the Golden Rule and a new emphasis upon kindness, brotherliness, and humanity can allay. Never was the need of humane education so great. The man who would put a million dollars into the training of the youth of this land in the fundamental principles of justice and kindness to every living creature would deserve a place in the Hall of Fame. To give this humane education to a child should be universally deemed as vital as to teach him to read.

With the ending of this war the United States will doubtless be in a better condition than any other nation to respond to the needs of a suffering world. Our institutions and the causes of our successes will be more widely studied than ever. Humane education in every school would be one of the noblest object lessons to which the attention of visitors from other lands could be called.

Who will give the million dollars? With it we would agree to reach every public school of the land. Humane education means the doom of war.

A JAIL SENTENCE

THIS is a rank case," said Judge Kelly in the Hingham court, the day he sentenced the self-styled "World's Champion Animal Trainer" to three months in jail. This "trainer" had been trying to educate three elks to jump from an elevation of 35 feet into the water at a park near Boston. Their education, apparently proceeding under the strain of kicks and prods and shoves, our agents interfered and took the "World's Champion" into court. The judge expressed the opinion, according to the *Boston Globe*, "that if the elks had been trained to pitch the trainer off the platform into the water, the public would have been glad to see the show." Should this man, Ernest Albers, appear in the future in other places with his "trained" elks we trust the local humane societies will take action similar to ours—and may they have as just a judge.

A GREAT COÖPERATION

THIS will be good news to all lovers of humane work: The Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church has cheerfully agreed to send to its 545 missionaries on the foreign field a package of 12 of our leaflets which inculcate the spirit of kindness and justice toward all animal life. The Secretary also writes us that our letter with reference to translations of our literature into foreign tongues will be sent to the Commission on Literature for their judgment in regard to the publication of suitable material for use among peoples speaking other languages. This most generous and Christian act of the Methodist Board we appreciate more deeply than we can well express. It is like granting the privilege of sending out half a hundred laden ships upon a river already opened into a far country by years of others' toil and sacrifice.

WE are learning fast that war takes little account of our boasted privileges of freedom of speech and action. It may lead to liberty, but it knows none as it moves toward its goal.

THE FUND FOR ARMY HORSES

WE are still seeking funds to provide for the horses that will be assembled for the Massachusetts troops. Many of these horses will be taken sick, many will be injured even before they are sent abroad, and for the emergencies that arise at the beginning almost no satisfactory provision is made by the government. For their help and comfort here, and across the water, these funds will be sacredly used.

A TEACHER'S TESTIMONY

Philadelphia, June 11, 1917.

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:—

MY children are delighted when I give them the opportunity to read *Our Dumb Animals*. The books are kept on a small table within easy reach of all. Those getting their work finished ahead of time have the privilege of reading this interesting magazine. They just love to read it, and I can truthfully say, it has taught them many lessons in kindness to their dumb friends. I am sure they love their own pets better and take more interest in their neighbors'.

They have, within the last six months, distributed for me nearly one hundred copies of "The Horse's Prayer," and they do not hesitate to speak to a cruel driver if they chance to see him. Sometimes they ask me for a copy of the prayer, so that they can hand it to the driver the next time they see him.

I feel that much work is being done by the children along this line and they owe it to the reading of *Our Dumb Animals*.

Respectfully,
EMMA WEINGARTNER.

COSTLESS AND PRICELESS

HENRY DRUMMOND remarks: "I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered."

We know a fellow who always says, "Good morning, brother!" to the railroad conductor when that good fellow takes up his ticket, and that good fellow invariably beams back a hearty "Fine! How are you this morning?"—and never gives him a hat check! He trusts him.

A cheery "Good morning!" doesn't cost a cent and it always brings a good wish in response. It isn't merely politeness. It is the password of fellows who really care to see the world happier. It is the sailing sign of that army of fine, happy fellows whose hearts sing: "I don't care who or what you are, Stranger, I wish you sunshine on this grand day!"

I once saw a horse dragging a cart loaded with coal. The lane was narrow; the driver was some distance behind, talking to a neighbor; the horse, at a slow walk, came up to a little child sitting in the middle of the road, making dust pies. The horse stopped and smelt at the child.

There was no room to turn out. With his lips he gathered the frock between his teeth, lifted the child, laid him gently by the side of the road and went calmly on as if lifting babies out of the jaws of death was part of his daily task.

When you have read this magazine, please pass it to another, who may not otherwise know of our work.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treasurer
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	739
Animals examined	5250
Number of prosecutions	22
Number of convictions	21
Horses taken from work	171
Horses humanely destroyed	84
Small animals humanely destroyed	346
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined	14,069
Cattle, swine, and sheep humanely destroyed	59

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$5000 (additional) from Mrs. Fannie D. Shoemaker, Topsfield, and \$465.53 from Miss Helen M. Griggs, Minneapolis, Minn. It has received gifts of \$100 from H. F.; \$25 each from Mrs. R. S. R., Miss E. F. K., and Mrs. L. L.; \$20 from Miss E. S. P.; and, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$25 from H. F. L. For army and other horse relief it has received \$100 each from Miss L. K. and A. C.; \$50 each from Mrs. B. A. P. and Miss M. A. C.; \$25 each from M. T. R., M. W. S., Mrs. H. A. E., and N. Co., and \$20 each from the estate of Miss E. J. G., Mrs. S. B. G., J. M. F., W. H. and J. D. W.

The American Humane Education Society acknowledges bequests of \$1000 from a Massachusetts friend, and \$32.77 from John I. Burt, Philadelphia, Pa., for free distribution of "Black Beauty." It has received gifts of \$200 from two New York friends, \$71.27 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature; \$63.68, cash; and \$496.66, interest.

July 10, 1917.

WATERING HORSES

WE have started again our wagon with "Free Water for Horses" through those streets of Boston where the teaming is heaviest, and also placed men at four watering stations where they can be of most service to drivers. Who will not enjoy his summer the better for a contribution to this work?

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.

Chief Veterinarian

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. } *Resident*
J. G. M. DEVITA, V.M.D. } *Assistants*
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S. } *Visiting*
C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S. } *Veterinarians*
T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S. }

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

Pet-dog Boarding Department

Under direct oversight of the Doctors of the Hospital

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	242	Cases	452
Dogs	151	Dogs	294
Cats	41	Cats	116
Horses	46	Horses	37
Birds	2	Bird	1
Cow	1	Sheep	2
Fox	1	Rat	1
Operations	114	Fox	1
Hospital cases since opening March 1,			
1915			6063
Free Dispensary cases			8054
Total			14,117

AN AGENT FOR HOLYOKE

THROUGH the chairman of the Humane Committee of the Holyoke Women's Municipal League, Mrs. Ray Corser Duquenne, our Society has been able to secure the services of Deputy-Sheriff F. H. Gilpatrick as local agent. Mr. Gilpatrick commands the high respect of the community and the people of Holyoke who see anything in the way of cruel treatment for animals are asked to report either to Mr. Gilpatrick or to Mrs. Duquenne.

OUR ANIMAL GALLERY

SEVERAL friends have already sent pictures of pet animals for the "Animal Gallery" in the Angell Memorial Hospital. We invite others to do so, on condition that the pictures be framed and bear such writing as will give the pet name of the animal and the name of the owner. We have space for many hundreds of pictures, which will be received so long as there is room for them.

NAMED FOR MME. EAMES

THE Emma Eames Band of Mercy has been organized in the parochial school at Bath, Maine, which is the home of the great prima donna, who is now the wife of Emilio de Gogorza. Madame Eames, as her townspeople call her, has visited this school and spoken to the pupils who are not only very fond of the singer but also of the pet dog which is her constant companion.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

ANNUAL CONVENTION

THE forty-first annual meeting of the American Humane Association will be held in Providence, Rhode Island, October 15 to 18, inclusive. A committee representing all the anti-cruelty organizations of that city is making extensive plans for the entertainment of delegates from all parts of the country. The Association is preparing an unusually attractive program, especially designed to cover problems arising from the war. Eminent humanitarians will discuss subjects relating both to animal and child protection.

EFFECTIVE COMPLAINTS

AN ardent friend of our Society, Miss Anna Fessenden of Salem, writes to a local paper that she will be glad to communicate with our county agent in regard to complaints of cruelty, and makes this pertinent comment:—

"I have just had a complaint from a lady at the Willows, by telephone, saying that the driver of a team belonging to a certain ice company in Salem, was abusing his horses terribly and asking what could be done about it. I had to tell her nothing, as she refused to give her name or help in any way. I have no doubt the horses were being abused as some of the men who drive for this company are cruel and inhuman and should be punished, and there are many complaints about them, but the poor beasts must suffer because so-called humane people haven't the courage to stand behind their complaints and make them effective.

"The love for animals which allows people to shirk their clear duty in this matter is not convincing.

"In case of lameness, lack of food and care, and anything which shows on the horse, the case can be investigated as the animal is its own witness, but there must be witnesses to whippings and abuse or there can be no prosecution—that is self-evident."

WE have several calls from responsible persons for the use of a horse to do light work during the summer. Any one who has a horse to let out in this way may find a good home for it by notifying the Society.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of the annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Alfred Bowditch, Laurence Minot, and Thomas Nelson Perkins, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies, see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chili
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
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Mrs. Lillian Köhler	Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé	Japan
Edward C. Butler	Mexico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
Jerome Perinet, <i>Introduit</i> des	
Bands of Mercy en Europe	Switzerland

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Richmond, Virginia
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Seattle, Washington
Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, Savannah, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Mary Harrold, Washington, D. C.
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

OUR DUMB ANIMALS IN HOTELS

BOUND volumes of *Our Dumb Animals* for the year ending with May, 1917, to the number of three hundred, have been sent to the large hotels throughout the United States. The books are attractively bound and appropriately stamped in gold. Experience has proved that these souvenir volumes are welcome in all hotel parlors and libraries and are read with interest by guests and tourists. A limited number of these books are for sale at our offices for a price barely covering the cost of printing and binding, \$1.25 per copy.

Talk humane work on your vacation.

JUNIOR HUMANE CONVENTIONS

THE second annual Junior Humane Convention, held under the auspices of the Youngstown (Ohio) Humane Society, June 2, was attended by over 300 children, parents and teachers. The program included addresses, reports, three-minute papers and debates, music, recitations, folk dances, and patriotic drills. As the sessions were held in a park, games and a picnic lunch were features of the day's enjoyment. It was voted "to work for a junior humane branch in every school in the county." The success of the affair was due largely to the efforts of Mrs. T. H. Bulla, the efficient superintendent of humane education.

The first Junior Humane Conference, to be held by the Rhode Island Humane Education Society, took place in Providence during Be Kind to Animals Week this year. Each of the twenty grammar schools of the city was represented by a junior humane agent and a junior director, chosen from the highest grammar grade. It is planned to hold two such conferences each year, with monthly meetings from October to May. Miss Elizabeth W. Olney, corresponding secretary of the Society, is enthusiastic over the outlook for this method of making the work of the Bands of Mercy more practical. We suggest that those interested in similar undertakings in other cities correspond with Mrs. Bulla and Miss Olney in regard to ways and means.

NEW LAWS IN CALIFORNIA

THE Political Code of California has been amended in the interests of humane education, as follows: "Instruction must be given in nature study with special reference to agriculture and animal and bird life, music, drawing, elementary bookkeeping, humane education."

Another provision of the last legislature of California is intended to prevent the sale of egrets. It reads: "Every person who, after the first day of November, 1917, sells or offers for sale or has in his possession for sale any egret, or osprey, bird of paradise, gaura, or numidi, or the plumage feathers, quills, head, wings, tail, skin, or parts of skin, raw or manufactured, of the said egret or osprey, bird of paradise, gaura or numidi, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

TO PUPILS IN NEW ORLEANS

FIFTY medals were presented to forty-eight pupils of the New Orleans public schools for prize-winning essays on the subject of "Kindness to Animals" by the Louisiana State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at a public ceremony at the Sophie B. Wright High School, June 7.

In addition to the twenty-four silver and twenty-four bronze medals offered by the society for the two best essays in each grade from the third to the eighth, inclusive, there were awarded the S. W. Weis gold and silver medals for the best essays submitted by any school pupils, and twenty-four books, to the writers of the essays which received honorable mention.

THE Pennsylvania Humane Education Society, Philadelphia, has elected these officers: President, Mrs. O. W. Kulling; vice-president, Mrs. Warren E. Tryon; secretary, Mrs. Wm. H. Pool; treasurer, Warren E. Tryon.

Prizes were awarded by the Society for the best kept stable, the committee having made its visits on Stable Day of Be Kind to Animals Week.

HUMANE EDUCATION ABROAD

WE have received from M. Jerome Perinet, our representative in Geneva, Switzerland, the following extract from the proceedings of the State Council in charge of public instruction in the canton of Aargau:—

"Monsieur Perinet of Geneva, who introduced Bands of Mercy in Europe, has referred to the permission given him in 1911 to introduce said Bands in our schools on condition that he undertake this work himself. As it has been impossible for him to do this, he desires that the Department of Public Instruction take the matter in hand, calling attention to the fact that Berne and the five cantons of French Switzerland have been very sympathetic towards this excellent work. This American movement is productive of much good among the young, but here in Aargau it is not absolutely necessary. In the first place, in our towns there exist societies for the protection of birds in winter, and in our school books there is already enough material for the schoolmaster to impress on the children without undertaking the struggle against cruelty among the young.

"After expressing our thanks to the representative of the Band of Mercy for having kindly addressed to us his pamphlets, we desire that any further steps in the matter should be left to the voluntary initiative of the principal and of those who are concerned with the schools, whose acts are in conformity with the extract of proceedings given above.

"In accordance with the permission given in 1911, the State Council will allow any principal to carry on this work if he so wishes.

"In the name of the Department of Public Instruction,

(Signed) "THE PRESIDENT,
"THE SECRETARY."

WISCONSIN'S NEW LAW

THANKS to the efforts of Senator Byron Baring, Wisconsin has now a compulsory humane education law. In commenting upon it, Senator Baring says: "This is simply an opening wedge and I trust that in the future we may have more extensive legislation along these lines as same is surely needed." Following is the text of the new law:—

CHAPTER 102. LAWS OF 1917 AN ACT

To create Section 447h of the statutes, relating to the giving of instruction in the public schools in subjects relating to the humane treatment and protection of dumb animals and birds.

The people of the State of Wisconsin, represented in senate and assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. There is added to the statutes a new section to read: Section 447h. 1. It shall be the duty of each teacher in the public schools of the State of Wisconsin to devote not less than thirty minutes in each month in which the school is in session to instructing the pupils thereof in the habits, usefulness, and importance of dumb animals and birds, and the best methods of protecting, preserving, and caring for all animal and bird life.

2. School boards and boards of education having control of the public schools shall take such steps as may be necessary to have the teachers in the schools under their jurisdiction carry out the provisions of this section and shall cause suitable material on this subject to be included in the course of study prepared for the guidance of teacher.

THE DOG'S VALHALLA

BY HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER

SOME of the dogs that I have cherished come
Back to me now from their Valhalla shore.
They crowd my knees — no longer are they dumb,
For speech is theirs they never had before.
List to the mongrel, coarse, uncouth, my first
Delightful friend: "We had gay times, dear boy;
The world it deemed me of most dogs the worst —
But you clung to me in your youthful joy."

Another speaks — aye! dogs can speak when they
Come back to bask in fires burning bright
Upon my hearth that welcomed them away
In the old times in daytime or at night:
"I am the one whose coat you loved to press
With tender touch, your Collie, boy, and true;
And I responded to your soft caress
The best I could, and gave my heart to you."

Close to my feet a spiteful, crusty cur
Whose pedigree no savant e'er could find,
Says in her sharp, falsetto tones that stir
My heartstrings: "I was e'er your steps behind."
And a fine hound whose silken ears I yet
Can feel, lies there with eyes that search my own.
In voice he speaks: "Dear friend, I ne'er regret
I stalked with you the wilderness alone."

THEN AND NOW

BY WILLIAM E. DEAN, LL.B.

FOR over thirty-five years I have been at the Bar of one of the original counties (Dutchess) of the State of New York. In that time there have been great changes in public sentiment regarding the enforcement of certain penal statutes. I have in mind at present the acts concerning cruelty to animals.

Well do I remember when, as a boy in southern Dutchess some fifty years since, I heard the first case of its kind ever tried in that section. It excited a great deal of interest because of its novelty and the counsel engaged in the same. A colored man was tried for cruelty to animals in that he had driven a horse with one foot off, the animal stepping on the stump. He had thus driven this poor animal in plain sight of many people several times. The jury found the man not guilty. They had no use for a law that would prevent a man from doing with his own what he saw fit.

In those days farmers left their young stock out all winter. They said it toughened them. Some farmers even had no shelters of any kind for their poultry, leaving them to lodge wherever they could no matter what the weather.

It is only a very few years since the last farmer in that section died who fed his fowls but once a day and then in the morning. Remonstrances from his neighbors and others had no effect on him. He said "the fowls are mine — that is the way my father always did and is the way I shall do."

Often have I wondered if any of those starving-at-night fowls have met him in the world that ever is. As he was an elder in the "meeting-house" of course he reached the highest heaven without delay by the way.

Great changes have come in our laws as the years have fled. Cruelty to animals is looked upon as a monstrous wrong. It is comparatively easy to obtain convictions even for minor offenses of these excellent statutes.

The time is approaching, although many of us will not be here then, when there will be no underfed fowls or animals; and cruelty to the dumb creatures will be altogether unknown.



VACATION DAYS

FRIENDLY PEGGY'S COMPENSATION

JAMES D. SHEARER in National Magazine

PEGGY was only a little yellow dog. No one knew where Peggy was born, nor where she came from. She had no pedigree nor pride of family, neither was she handsome. But she had a well-formed head and was broad between the eyes which always looked frankly into your own, accompanied with a friendly wag of the little bushy tail. Then you knew she was saying, "I'm your friend." In fact she was everybody's friend and rejoiced in every nod or pleasant word. Peggy had not a trace of fear or suspicion in her nature. She gathered into her little heart all the good-will and kindness and playfulness which she found in her daily path, and it so broadened her sympathetic dog nature that she saw no evil, and had no enemies in all the world.

Soon after she first appeared in Kenwood she took up her home with Miss K——, a kind maiden lady of discretion with a place in her affections for just such a little street waif. But this made no change in the disposition of Peggy. Perhaps her coat was a little more glossy, her manner a little more effusive, but her affection for the school-children she knew was as constant and strong as ever. But a dire calamity was impending!

One day a one-horse cart drove slowly down Penn Avenue. In the wagon was a sort of coop, through the bars of which could be seen several unhappy looking dogs. Following the cart were several other dogs, for dogs are very sociable animals. As the cart moved slowly along, out ran Peggy to interview the dogs about the cart.

Suddenly the cart stopped and the driver, a scrawny, ill-favored fellow in a dirty green sweater, and with a limp, suddenly fixed his eyes on Peggy and dismounted from the cart. What did he mean to do? A certain civilization decrees that all homeless dogs may be lassoed by a legalized freebooter, starved in a pound for three days and then drowned. Poor little waifs of the street, whose only crime is their affection for all men rather than for one man. This man in the green sweater held in his hand a long wire with a loop at one end, and he limped toward Peggy, who, all unconscious of danger, looked into his forbidding face and wagged her tail.

Just then a schoolboy passed by and scenting danger to his little friend called, "Come, Peggy! Come, Peggy!" Peggy immediately ran part

way to him, then started back. Why should she not salute those stranger dogs first? Again came the call, "Come, Peggy! Come, Peggy!"

While she hesitated, the man with the wire advanced rapidly toward her and such a look of rage came over his face as he yelled, "You little rascal, you keep still or I'll have you arrested." But as he rushed toward the dog, the boy, disregarding the man, again called Peggy and ran up on the porch of her mistress' house, closely followed by the now thoroughly frightened Peggy.

On came the executioner, but before he reached the porch Peggy's mistress stood facing him with Peggy wrapped safely in her arms. As the green sweater limped back to his wagon muttering imprecations on the boy, Alan, from a safe distance, was heard to say, "I don't care if she didn't have a license. He don't get Peggy."

KINDNESS TO DOGS

BY ALBERT E. VASSAR

TWO years ago, while visiting in Chicago, Dimple, my daughter, took me out to Jackson Park to view the lake. A strange dog came up to us and Dimple said, "Hello, Doggie."

Upon being kindly spoken to, the animal followed us all the afternoon, stopping when we did and even at our side. As we were about to leave, I went into a butcher shop to buy the dog some meat which I brought to him. He just nosed it and would not eat and I said, "The dog isn't hungry; it only wants our friendship."

If we all could realize how eager the dumb animals are for kindness to be shown them this would be a better world.

Before I was married, thirty-five years ago, my future wife and I were out walking and a scared dog came along with a tin can tied to its tail and ran up on the stoop of a house. My lady went up on the stoop and untied the string, releasing the burden from the dog's tail, and the dog was licking her hand all the while. Now, isn't that proof that a dog wants kindness shown him and that he has a heart?

Then let us big folks, who are endowed with more intelligence than any other living creature, be kind to all dumb animals. There's many a time I've gone into a butcher shop to buy some meat for a starving dog I've met on the way.

When on vacation, or returning from it, do not forget your dog or cat.

IN MEMORY OF HAMISH, A SCOTCH TERRIER

BY C. HILTON BROWN

This poem which recently appeared in the *London Spectator* is so appealing to the hearts of dog-lovers that it has been reprinted all over the United Kingdom.

*LITTLE lad, little lad, and who's for an airing,
Who's for the river and who's for a run;
Four little pads to go fitfully faring,
Looking for trouble and calling it fun?
Down in the sedges the water-rats revel,
Up in the wood there are bunnies at play
With a weather-eye wide for a Little Black Devil:
But the Little Black Devil won't come today.*

*Today at the farm the ducks may slumber,
Today may the tabbies an anthem raise;
Rat and rabbit beyond all number
Today untroubled may go their ways;
Today is an end of the shepherd's labor,
No more will the sheep be hunted astray;
And the Irish terrier, foe and neighbor,
Say, "What's old Hamish about today?"*

*Ay, what indeed? In the nether spaces
Will the soul of a Little Black Dog despair?
Will the Quiet Folk scare him with shadow-faces?
And how will he tackle the Strange Beasts there?
Tail held high, I'll warrant, and bristling,
Marching stoutly if sore afraid,
Padding it steadily, softly whistling—
That's how the Little Black Devil was made.*

*Then well-a-day for a "cantie callant,"
A heart of gold and soul of glee—
Sportsman, gentleman, squire and gallant—
Teacher, maybe, of you and me.
Spread the turf on him light and level,
Grave him a headstone clear and true—
"Here lies Hamish, the Little Black Devil,
And half of the heart of his mistress too."*

A BOY who was smoking a cigarette near the monkey's cage took another one from his pocket.

"Would it do any harm," he asked, "if I should offer him one of these?"

"Not a bit," responded the attendant. "He wouldn't touch it. A monkey isn't half as big a fool as it looks."



A BLACK PUG

Owned by Mrs. J. T. Geddes, Worcester

"Shadow" by ANN BERNARD

HE was a tiny Scotch terrier of the Highland breed; his coat a soft silky gray, his eyes two shining stars of love.

His mistress was a charming Scotch woman, a Miss McKenzie, who had rather recently rented the "old Fenton place," adjoining ours, and cleverly turned it from an old wilderness of a place into a flourishing market garden.

Happy at her task of planting, weeding and digging, the little dog was constantly at her side. No need to ask how he came by the name of "Shadow."

He was the merriest, the gladdest, the happiest little dog in the world. He chased the sparrows, rounded up the cats, and with friendly, excited barks met the rural postman; then, the mail in his mouth, he trotted briskly back—his manner all importance—and laid it at the feet of his mistress.

My little boys adored him, and he entered merrily into all their games,—provided these games were played within easy reach of Miss McKenzie—for, kept long from her side, he grew restless and unhappy.

Several times, in the excitement of chasing a rabbit or cat, he had raced through the gate that separated the two gardens, and the boys, in a spirit of mischief, had closed it behind him. Instantly, the little creature rose on his hind legs, and driven by fear of being parted from her, who was the sum and substance of his life, he begged beseechingly, his tiny body trembling, his eyes wells of supplication, to be released. And even the most thoughtless, the most heedless of the little boys ran to set him free.

One October evening several months ago, when Miss McKenzie had made tea for me in her sunny library, and Shadow, a tiny, upright figure at her side, was begging for his bit of cake, the conversation turned to the dumb creation, and incidentally I heard wee Shadow's history.

"Four years ago," Miss McKenzie began in her low rich voice, "business took me to a Virginia town, and Fate, to a boarding-house whose rear windows—and mine one of them—overlooked the tenement part of the town. The low piteous cries of a dog came to me incessantly through the night, and on the fourth morning I started out to investigate.

"Until I looked down on that little chained dog, chained by a length of iron strong enough to hold a man, I had always thought that even the meanest, the smallest of mankind acknowledged in his breast that unwritten golden rule, that in like manner as you deal with the dumb and helpless in your midst, so should you expect a just Creator, in the end, to deal with you."

She paused, and for a second I saw that she had forgotten my presence, then quietly she resumed her story.

"Forgetting that I was trespassing, I went through the open gate, crossed the filthy yard, and stooped down beside the little creature. Such misery, such supplication, such terror I had never seen in the eyes of any living thing. I put out my hand to draw him to me, but, trembling and abject, he shrank away, dragging a wounded foot."

Here the little dog at her feet, as if begging forgiveness for what he had done in his ignorance and pain, sprang into the chair beside her and gently licked her hand.

"Just then a man's voice called to me from an open door-way and asked if I wanted to see anybody.

"Yes, I want to see the owner of this dog."

"Well, I'm the owner. What is it?"

"The dog has barked continually for two nights, and I came to see what the trouble was. I have seen," I added.

"You're wrong. That dog's been chained three years an' I ain't had no complaint yet. You must 'a' dremp't it."

"His manner was one of amused insolence and I found it hard to keep my temper.

"Why have you kept a dog chained three years?"

"Slips his muzzle an' I ain't got the three-eighty to pay the fine."

"Why keep a dog, if you make a prisoner of him?"

"I got a right, by law, to keep him chained till he rots," he answered angrily.

"I will see if you have," I said, turning into the street.

"Is there a society for prevention of cruelty to animals in your town?" I asked of the first person I met.

"The man looked at me in wild wonder. 'No, madam. Our citizens are as a whole so kind, so humane that we have no need for such a society,' and with the air of one who has satisfactorily explained a trifle, he passed on.

"I found the mayor in his office. He turned in his revolving chair, and fingered a massive gold watch-chain that spanned his round stomach, as I briefly stated my case.

"We have no law to prevent a man's keeping his dog tied, but I am sure," his manner was that of a person addressing a child, "that if the man is approached kindly and politely he will be amenable to reason. Our citizens are invariably kind, courteous, hu—," but I gently closed the door on the last word.

"At the police station, I stated the case to an officer.

"The dog belongs to a man named O'Grady and the case has come up before," he said. "A man boarding in the neighborhood was disturbed by the dog, and the case was presented in court as a nuisance, but O'Grady, who is a kind of a boss in that section of the town, brought witnesses to testify that they were not disturbed. Then, at the complainant's request, an officer was stationed near the house at night, but O'Grady got wind of it, and must have taken the dog in the house, for the officer heard nothing. Pretty hard case to handle," he ended, carelessly.

"There was just one thing left me. Employed as I was at the time on a city newspaper and living in an apartment where dogs were not allowed, it would have taken a less practical person than I am to see a way of keeping a dog, but in spite of every obstacle, I resolved to have him. I found my way again into that filthy yard.

"I have come to buy the dog."

"He ain't for sale."

"I will give you ten dollars."

"He ain't for sale."

"Naturally cautious, as most Scotch people are, for once in my life I was absolutely reckless. I bid again and again, until at last I won.

"He was my ain dog, held close in my arms, his little frightened heart throbbing wildly beneath my hand."

Then she stopped, and lifting with one hand the little shaggy head, looked deep into those shining stars of love. "Kipling is right," she said: "Buy a dog, and your money buys unflinching love that cannot lie."

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

JERRY OF THE ISLANDS, Jack London.

To all lovers of the Irish terrier, this last novel of Jack London will bring an answering thrill of understanding and appreciation. The scene of the story is laid among a group of islands in the South Seas, and here Jerry has many wonderful adventures, both with whites and native blacks. Born on a plantation on an island of the Solomon group, Jerry, when a mere puppy, was given by his master to Captain Van Horn of the *Arangi*, a small vessel engaged in "blackbirding" or securing new-caught cannibal blacks to work on coconut plantations. His devotion to "Skipper" is revealed in some of the finest passages London has given us. After the tragic end of the *Arangi*, he came into the possession first of a native king and then of one of his subjects, an aged blind black, who gave the finishing touches to Jerry's education. After the death of the blind Nalasu, Jerry finally adopted a white man and his wife who were touring the South Seas in their yacht, and the story ends with the beginning of a second epoch in the life of this true Irish gentleman who cannot but find a warm spot in the heart of every reader. One lays the book aside with a real feeling of envy towards these latest fortunate owners of such a dog.

Because of Mr. London's wonderful insight into the dog nature, Jerry is made very real to us, and his actions do not seem at all exaggerated or extravagant, but the natural result of his birth and breeding. Only an ardent lover and student of canine life could have so written of the dog-mind and dog-soul.

337 pages. \$1.50 net. The Macmillan Company, New York City.

I HAD given passing teamsters permission to come into my yard and get water for their horses during the heated season. The little son of an Italian huckster was bringing a bucket of water from my faucet outside the house when someone reproved him. "It's all right," said Tony. "This womans is humans to animals."

When you take your summer vacation do not leave your horse, dog, cat or bird to starve. See that some responsible person will take good care of them in your absence; then your vacation will be the more enjoyable in the knowledge of the fact your animals are well provided for.

Give this caution to your friends who own animals and who contemplate taking a vacation.

Do not let your dog or cat suffer this month for want of a drink of fresh water.

Mrs. Cat in the Literary World

By H. M. HOBSON

"A little lion, small and dainty sweet,
(For such there be!)

With sea-gray eyes and softly stepping feet."

MOST of us are so accustomed to regarding the cat merely as a pretty and interesting pet for children, that it comes as quite a surprise to learn that not only has she figured largely in history, but that more than any other animal has she been the chosen friend and companion of the world's great literary lights.

Walter Scott once said: "Cats are a mysterious kind of folk. There is far more passing in their minds than we are aware of." Then the great "Wizard of the North," who loved all things under the sun, as well as above it, told some delightful things about one Hinse, a pretty cat that not only had the run of Abbotsford, but also held a very warm corner in her gifted master's heart. This small beastie possessed a most warlike soul, and right royally did she rule the other cats and dogs. Scott tells that on one occasion she made his great staghound, Maida, weep aloud because the tiny cat had planted herself on the stair that led to Scott's study, and with her back up and her tail waving defiance, double-dared the mighty hound to come on and get his nose clawed!

Dean Swift had a most wonderful love for cats, and always in his home there were many fat and happy felines trotting about, or else purring on his study table. He is the man who had a big hole, and a little one cut near the bottom of his library door. When asked what the holes were for he replied: "The big hole is for my big cats and the little hole for the small ones." And the learned man always insisted he did not see the joke until his friend doubled up with laughter.

Grim and stern he was in many ways, but few men were ever as tender to a cat as was the far-famed Mohammed. All animals loved him devotedly and cats followed him about wherever they met him. On one occasion he cut the entire sleeve from a handsome robe rather than awaken the kitten that had selected that part of his clothing as a couch.

Richelieu loved cats and delighted in having kittens about him when he was in his private rooms, as did Mazarin. The lordly Wolsey was so devoted to his pet tabby that the handsome beastie often appeared at his master's side on state occasions. At these times he won much applause and many dainty titbits,

with so much grace and dignity did he conduct himself.

"Grim and irascible the world calls the great essayist Thomas Carlyle, yet in his study kittens bobbed to and fro at all hours. They were round of body and perky of tail and climbed the learned legs of the wise man as gayly as though they were just ordinary legs. They took naps on his shoulder and made nests out of his papers."

Tasso, Petrarch, Cowper, each of these great men possessed cats whose friendship they regarded as precious. Daniel Webster had cats and kittens swarming about him until he was like the old woman who lived in a shoe — "he had so many tabbies he did not know what to do."

Shelly, Byron, and Edgar Allan Poe possessed many fine cats that had the run of their studies, while Goldsmith owned a coal-black Tommy that looked like a demon. He was very devoted to his master, and Goldsmith insisted he could work far better when his pet was singing to him than at any other time.

Cross and ugly and unwieldy was old Dr. Johnson, yet to cats he was always as tender as a woman. He loved his cat Hodge with a beautiful devotion, and could often be seen lifting half-dead kittens from sewers and ponds to bear them home in his handkerchief. Once in his study they were tenderly cared for and fed until their sides stuck out like miniature barrels. It is said he used to hobble out to buy food for his cats himself, because he feared if he troubled the servant she would be unkind to his pets!

The gentle poet Thomas Gray was a great lover of cats, and a fat and sadly spoiled Tommy used to sit upon his knee while he wrote. This dearly beloved pet went a-fishing one day after a goldfish in a big glass globe. Tommy leaned over too far and, falling in, was drowned. "His master was almost heartbroken and wrote a poem about his cat which is included in every edition of his works."

"We like to know that these people who have given us our literature loved and were beloved by their four-footed friends. Dickens' books become all the clearer when we remember that most of them were written under the direct supervision of wabbling cats and kittens. For animals seldom make mistakes when it comes to giving their friendship. We will all love the Father of our Country a little better when we know that he loved his dogs and was beloved by them in return. Best of all, he loved cats, and on more than one important occasion when the great ones of the earth went a-visiting him at his country home, George Washington met them with a purring kitten perched upon his shoulder."

— S. S. Advocate

SOLVING THE CAT PROBLEM

A TEACHER in Philadelphia, Miss Ione Gray, sends this message to the editor: —

The interested reading of *Our Dumb Animals* by a group of school-boys in a down-town district, has resulted in several stray cats and kittens finding a merciful end to their hungry, hunted existence. It has effected a change in the attitude of children toward animals. No longer playthings but friends.

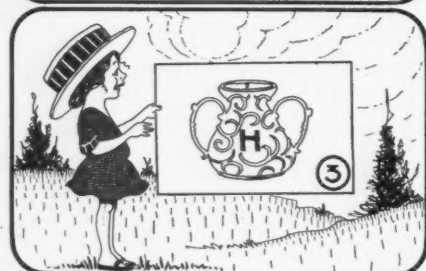
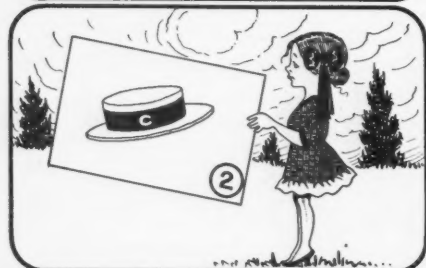
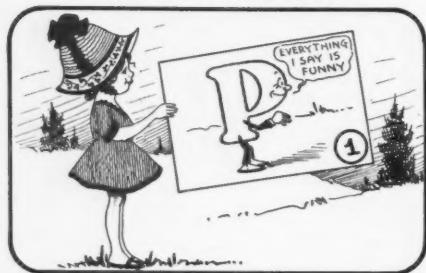
Your journal contains that which is interesting, instructive, and character building; that which will make hearts softer and hands more helpful, not only to beasts but men in need.



CHOSEN COMPANIONS OF GREAT LITERARY MEN

A BIRD PUZZLE

BY WALTER WELLMAN



PRIZES FOR ANSWERS.—To the sender of the first, second and third complete set of correct answers to the above puzzle, received by the Editor, we will send free a cloth-bound volume of *Our Dumb Animals*, containing the numbers from June, 1916, to May, 1917, and for which the regular price is \$1.25.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLE

1. Squab-BLE.
2. H-owl.
3. F-ern.

PRIZES AT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

ONE of the most interesting events in the humane education work of the New Hampshire Woman's Humane Society took place at the Industrial School, Nashua, on June 18. Out of fifty essays on the subject of our dumb animals, written by the boys of the school, ten were awarded cash prizes by the directors and ten who received honorable mention were presented with some choice books by the authors.

Prior to the presentation, the school sang "The Star Spangled Banner," followed by an impressive prayer service in which every lad took part, and the playing of the national hymns by the Industrial School band. Mrs. M. Jennie Kendall, president of the Humane Society, then gave a talk on kindness to animals, expressing appreciation of the boys' writings and telling a number of incidents connected with the work.

One need not fear to caution or reprimand cruel drivers—a cruel driver is too COWARDLY to do a human being personal injury.

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

E. A. MARYOTT } State Organizers
L. H. GUYOL }

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and eight new Bands of Mercy were reported in June. Of these 111 were in schools of Massachusetts; 71 in schools of Virginia; 66 in schools of Rhode Island; 59 in schools of Kentucky; 57 in schools of Connecticut; 21 in schools of Texas; nine each in schools of Maine and New Hampshire; and five in schools of Tennessee. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

Schools in Massachusetts

Braintree: Hollis, 10; Pond, 5; South Braintree; Southwest District, 2; Noah Torrey, 11.
Cambridge: Shepherd Memorial Church S. S.; Epworth Church S. S., 2.
Danvers: Charter St., 6; Maple St., 9; Park St., 5; Tapley, 10; High, 14; East Danvers; Danversport, 9; Fox Hill; Wadsworth, 5.
North Attleboro: Mount Hope St., 4; Towne St., 4; New Boston; Adamsdale; Oldtown; Holmes.
Winchester: St. Mary's Parochial, 6.
Cambridge, Massachusetts: Muccioli.

Schools in Rhode Island

Johnston: Lincoln, 4; Manton Grammar, 4.
North Kingstown: Saunderson, 2; Hamilton, 2.
Portsmouth: Quaker Hill, 3; Newtown, 3.
Providence: Ralph St. Primary, 7; Oxford St. Grammar, 13; Veazie St. Grammar, 15; Killingly St., 6.
South Kingstown: Peacedale, 5; Rocky Brook, 2.

Schools in Maine

Bath: Gospel Mission.
Bowdoinham: Coombs, 2.
Brunswick: Pejepscott, 2.
Portland: First Baptist S. S.; Second Parish S. S., 2.
Woolwich: Nequasset.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire: St. Patrick School, 9.

Schools in Connecticut

Cromwell: White, 11; Plains, 2.
Durham: Coginchavug.
Durham Center: Center, 2.
East Hampton: Center, 8.
Manchester: Manchester Green, 2.
North Haven: No. 7.
Stratford: Center, 20.
Thompsonville: A. D. Higgins, 8; Brainard, 2.

Schools in Virginia

Hampton: George Wythe, 8; Hampton High, 6; Symes Eaton, 2.
Newport News: George Washington, 12; John W. Daniel, 17; Stonewall Jackson, 8; Thomas Jefferson, 9; Magruder, 9.

Schools in Kentucky

Covington: Second District, 16; Lincoln Grant, 10; Third District, 17; Fourth District, 16.

Schools in Tennessee

Crab Orchard: New Liberty S. S.
Daysville: Millstone S. S.
Lancing: Lancing Bible.
Roberta: Bear Creek.
Skates: Huffman Bible.

Schools in Texas

El Paso: San Jacinto, 14.
Mexico: Negro Public, 6.
Hubbard, Texas: Branch A. H. E. S.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 109,527

OVER 5000 children in Youngstown, Ohio, took the pledge of kindness to animals during the year ending May, 1917, through the efforts of the Humane Society of that city.



A FRIENDLY MEETING

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS" BANDS

Four Prizes Offered for New Bands in Orphan Homes, Schools of Correction, etc.

THE American Humane Education Society, wishing to extend the motto, "Be Kind to Animals," and at the same time teach children in such institutions, has decided to offer cash prizes, amounting to \$37.50, for the four new Bands of Mercy which report the largest number of new members, in Orphan Homes, Schools of Correction, Reformatories, and similar institutions for children, the regular week-day and Sunday-schools not being eligible in this contest.

This is a splendid opportunity, for by forming Bands of Mercy in such institutions good children will be made better, and children in schools of correction will also be made better. If superintendents, officers of juvenile societies and the like will form Bands of Mercy, the good influence of the organizations will be evident in the moral uplift of the children—imbuing in their hearts and minds the meaning of the motto, "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature."

The Bands so formed and reported must be named "Be Kind to Animals" Bands of Mercy, and that motto shall be as conspicuously used as possible on blackboard or wall, by means of pennants, pins or any original idea to attract the member's eye to the words, "Be Kind to Animals."

To the Band having the largest number of members we will give \$15 in cash.

To the second Band, \$10 in cash.

To the third Band, \$7.50 in cash.

To the fourth Band, \$5 in cash.

In this prize contest all entries must be received not later than December 15, 1917, when the contest will close. The prizes will be delivered to the individuals who report the Bands, in time to be used as Christmas presents for the members, or to be expended in any manner the winners may desire. Address, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass., where full information about organizing Bands of Mercy, and the history of the movement, may be obtained free.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE CHILDREN'S GIFT TO THE BIRDS

IN beautiful Riverside, California, the children of the Lowell School have dedicated this practical fountain for birds, made largely with their own hands. The rocks and earth for the three terraces were carried by the boys of the school, while the pipe was given and laid by a friend, and another interested man set the basin in position. The entire cost of the fountain was exactly five dollars.



THE CHILDREN'S BIRD FOUNTAIN

Of course the teachers had charge of the arrangements, and they also directed the bird festival which was celebrated at the opening. The playlet, "The Birds of Killingworth," adapted from Longfellow's poem, was given by pupils of the fifth grade, all in costume. There were also several songs and the salute and pledge to the flag at the indoor exercises. Then, outdoors among the trees, with the low foothills in the distance as a background, was enacted "The Pageant of Spring," in which appeared little clouds, the rainbow children, the Spirit of Spring, light-footed Zephyrs, a lovely Princess, the Spirit of Play, and finally the Prince — all in white or in beautiful colors — who danced merrily on the green.

After the pageant was ended the children gathered into one large company and walked to the fountain, singing "The Birds' Return." The boy chosen by his playmates to perform the sacred rite of turning on the water for the fountain, stood beside the children's gift to the birds, while a little girl gave the brief dedicatory address, telling what the birds mean to their speaking friends.

DOG GUARDS HIS LOST CHUM

LITTLE Ellen Grimes, four years old, whose home is not far from Boulder, Colorado, undoubtedly owes her life to her pet bulldog, Bob. Ellen wandered into a wild and mountainous section full of deserted mine shafts, prospect holes and dangerous places almost at every step. But Bob understood that his tiny mistress was lost and so watched her closely and took constant care of her. When the little tot approached

too near a precipice the dog put himself between her and the edge and kept her from falling over to certain death.

All through the long night the two companions stuck close together, the dog keeping guard over the sleeping girl. A searching party of miners hunted for the lost pair and aided by three bloodhounds followed their tracks and found them, after a thirty-hour search, safe in a cleft among the rocks. Bob is looked upon as a hero. He wears a blue ribbon and gets a lot of praise and petting for his intelligence and watchfulness of his little girl companion.

THE CHILD AND THE BIRD

BY CORINNE GOULD

I HAVE a little playmate
Who lives across the way,
And every day I call to her —
These are the words I say:
"Ma-ry, Ma-ry, Ma-ry,
Can't you come out to play?"

In the lilac bushes near me
A calbird comes to slay,
And when I call to Mary
He mocks me every day:
"Ma-ry, Ma-ry, Ma-ry,
Can't you come out to play?"

I call him by a prettier name —
"My Northern Mocking-bird" —
And his song to me is sweeter
Than all others I have heard,
Because he calls to her for me
And she understands each word.

My mother cannot hear him,
But smiles, and shakes her head
When I bid her stop and listen,
Then tell me what he said.
This year he has not come to me —
Can my mocking-bird be dead?

If the song-birds go to heaven
And join the angels' lay,
I know that he will call to her,
I can almost hear him say:
"Ma-ry, Ma-ry, Ma-ry,
Can't you come out to play?"



A GOOSE PARTY

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR JUNE, 1917

People who give their time, influence or money to further any animal society work will NEVER feel the sting of ingratitude, but will ALWAYS feel the animals' gratitude and be remembered in this life and afterwards by friends of animals, when ALL others have forgotten them.

Request of \$5,000 (additional) from Mrs. Fannie D. Shoemaker of Topsfield, and \$465.53 from Miss Helen M. Griggs of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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